

TO PAVILION IN THE GARDEN.

BY T. D. M.

Street by the way, for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because the moon is just a wake,
And keeps me from my slumbers.
Because I see your lovely face
Among the clustering grasses,
Because you claim a gift of grace
From every breeze that passes.

Because we've passed some joyous days,
A thousand times these lines I write,
Among your many garden ways,
Embossed with your flower's light.
Because when I hear your words
Some pleasant thing I hear,
Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to my finger's stir.

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not like other girls,
All rattle, blash and bodice.
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button;
Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton.

Because your tiny little nose
Turns up so pert and funny;
Because I know you choose your beau
More for their merit than money;
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense to a churl
With countless wealth beside you.

Because I think I'm just so weak
As some of these fine fellows,
To seek your garden, there to speak
My story—and my sorrows.
Because the real's a simple thing,
A matter quite as simple as
A church, a priest, a sign, a ring,
And a lifetime spent in clover.

—Times-Star.

THE ROLLER RINK.

BY BILL N.Y.

For a long time I have evaded the task of
grappling with this great national question,
but now I fear that I can escape its responsibility
no longer. Hundreds of anxious eyes
to-day are watching for the coming man to
rise fearlessly, and in clear tones refer to
this matter in terms that can not be mis-
understood.

In the language of one of our great states-
men, "I have come."
I now express my opinion of the roller
skating rink, and I say fearlessly that as
soon as I had entered the arena and had put
on the skates, I was down on the rink. I
was also down on roller skates. When I get
roller skates on it don't take me long to drop
on myself.

After thoroughly investigating the subject
I have fully decided that unless this great
curse of a free government can be wiped out
the whole Nation will be plunged into
anarchy.

I tried on roller skates the latter part of
August, A. D. 1884, and on the 9th of Septem-
ber I was caught in the booby trap of a vicious
cyclone, but how peaceful and restful the
cyclone seemed after my misadventure at the rink!
How the wearied and battered bulk of human-
ity that now pens these lines, cuddled up
to the fierce Jemecane!

After I got down on the rink, I got the
authorities to come and remove my skates.
I had paid twenty-five cents to enter the
rink, and when I came away I was almost
tickled to death because the proprietor did
not make me pay damages for sitting down
so hard on his nice new rink so that the
floor had always sagged all the way since.

I am having a rink designed now for my
own special use. It is to be a large
structure, covering about two acres of
ground, and floored over with half inch iron
plates, on top of which will be half inch
sheets of rubber. In the center there will be
a turn-table, on which I can glide when I
wish to turn around.

The skates will be roomy to a fault. They
will be made to order out of condemned flat
cars.

My rink costume will be unique and at-
tractive, consisting of a large overcoat
stuffed with curled hair, rubber pants
filled with hay and woven wire mattress
bottle trimmed with ostrich feathers. In
front I will be protected by a large feather-
bed covered with held in place with extension
draw heads. I will then get into that rink
and run wild. Regular trains will have to
stop-track and wait for orders.

Parties desiring to come and witness my
little cat car performance will be charged
with base ball masks and settle up their
business before they enter the rink, for I
want it understood that I am only a novice.
I am not accustomed to ride the roller skate,
and my legs are a little eccentric in the or-
bits.

The performance will open with a flat car
promenade to slow music. I will then en-
throne on my graceful skates and glide
around on the turntable to the music of
Strauss waltz. I will next come in and fall
down three times in rapid succession, after
which there will be an intermission of two
weeks for refreshment and change of scene.
When new skin has been told me in places
where I collided with my new rink, the per-
formance will be again resumed and carried
out from day to day until it is completed, or
death comes to my relief.

Those holding season tickets will be en-
titled to remain until after the funeral.
Mourners need not be identified with me,
but those who know me best, and people who
they would go further to see me skate than any
other professional rinkist they ever saw rink.
Many claim that they never saw a skater
fall down and hurt himself with more genu-
ine pleasure.

When I get on roller skates somehow
people lose all interest in the administration
and almost everything else. People would
walk for miles to see me come out in the rink
with my new costume and kill myself. I do
not say this egotistically or to attract atten-
tion to myself, but I say it because it is true.
Friends have come to me and told me so.
And still there is a nameless fascination
about roller skating. Though the owners of
the rink will not allow me to skate while
other people are in the building. I love to
go and watch the skaters and hold their
hands while they skate, or hold their hands
and feet while they are in ropes. I love to
buckle a young lady's skates on her fair
young feet. I love to linger over them and
chat with them—the young ladies I mean—
and ask them if they are well, and how their
mother is feeling, and if they do not think
we are having rather a backward spring.

I am an easy and very fluent conversa-
tionalist, having moved in some of the very
best society, and thus acquired a flow of
small talk which the most facile-minded can
readily comprehend.—Drake's Magazine.

A Brahman Explains His Religion.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Gopal Venayak Joshee is a Hindu and a
native of Sanjammer County in the Bombay
Presidency. He left Bombay more than nine
months ago and has been visiting in
Siam, China and Japan. Joshee was visited
by a Chronicle reporter in his rooms on Bush
street, and having placed a lighted candle
on a small table, with his legs crossed under
him on his chair, his small bronzed hands
clasping his small bare feet, he proceeded to
explain that the communications he was
about to make were not voluntary, but only
in answer to questions.

"I travel for my pleasure and instruction,
and to find out for myself if all that English
missionaries say is true; they make attacks

ON MY RELIGION AND CUSTOMS, AND I WANT

to find out what is fact and what is falsehood.

"Are you a Brahman or a Buddhist?"
"I am a Brahman. There are very few
Buddhists, but hundreds of thousands of
Brahmans. All are idolaters, and we are
proud of it. We do not respect the image,
but the holy men whom they represent."
"Do you believe in a Supreme Being?"
"Yes. But we do not worship Him. Of
course not. A Supreme Being does not
want any worship. People can not worship
what they can not see."
"Tell me about your religion."
"People in this country respect the mem-
ory of their dead relatives; they worship in-
significant things, such as their fathers and
mothers; we worship those who have been
worthy men, and who are God incarnate,
like your Christ. Our religion is not idola-
try, for we do not worship gods, but godlike
men."
"You seem to have studied different reli-
gions."
"I believe I have studied well and main-
tain my own ground. Our aim is to destroy
our individuality. We should be above
our passions, else we are only animals."
"But you worship animals," remarked the
reporter.
The Brahman, however, was not to be
cornered. "We do not worship the serpent,"
said he, "but the extraordinary power it
possesses. A serpent with us is the symbol
of eternity, because with it a single sting he
can pass a man into eternity."
"What other animals do you thus revere,
since we must not say worship?"
"The cow is very divine. We respect it
the same as our mother, because it gives
milk to all, as our mother to us. I must tell
you we do not worship animals themselves,
but their powers. I am a Hindu—a so-
called idolater; our religion is superior to
yours. We strive to look on all things with
even eyes. A man who says 'this thing is
good and that is bad' is not fit for absorption
in God, because he is selfish. Nothing is bad
in this world. If a man hits me, I must bear
it, or I am selfish, for I am the one hurt."

A Brave Girl.

At a recent fire in London three lives were
saved through the heroism of a servant girl
named Alice Ayres. The details are terrible
says the London Times, but the predomina-
ting feeling which they will leave behind
will be one of admiration for the heroic girl
whose first thought was for others and not
for herself, and who might have made her
escape in safety if she had chosen so to do,
and to leave her master's children to perish
without help. The fire, it appears, broke out
in the middle of Thursday night at the
house of Mr. H. Chandler, an oil and col-
man. Alice Ayres was the first to be
awoke by it, and she rushed at
once to the front window and screamed
loudly for help. The people in the street
below called to her to jump and save herself,
and they stretched out some clothing which
would have served to carry it through, as Al-
ice Ayres had to get out of the house. The
flames meanwhile had got hold of the in-
flammable stock in the shop, and were
spreading with frightful rapidity. But, amid
heat and smoke, and with the prospect be-
fore her of death in its most awful shape,
Alice Ayres was not to be daunted from her
purpose. She had formed her plan, and she
was resolved to carry it through, at all har-
dards. She first dragged a feather bed to
the window and threw it out. It was at once
caught up by the people in the street and
stretched out below the window. Very soon
she appeared at the window again with a lit-
tle girl in her arms, and with all care
lowered her down on the bed, the flames
were not so high as they were, and she was
successful in this way in saving
three children from the flames,
the first without any hurt from the fall, the
second and third with some trifling hurt,
from the great heat and the suffocating fumes
of the fire were affecting her, and had made
her feel dizzy and her legs less steady. She
had now done all that it was possible for
her to do, more than she could do with care for
her own safety. The fire had as gained
upon her that she must escape at once if she
was to escape at all. She sprang accordingly
from the window, but in her nervous and
exhausted state she missed her mark,
tumbled over the head of the bed, and fell
on the pavement. She was picked up and taken
to Guy's Hospital, and there she now lies
between life and death, with her spine dis-
located, and with no hope of her recovery.
Such has been her choice, noble but fatal for
herself. A tribute of honor is all that we
can do to her memory, and to her devotion
which has at no time been surpassed.

"Dixie" in the White House.

[Washington Letter.]

What singular errors some of the brilliant
writers from Washington now and then fall
into, is shown by a correspondent of the
Cleveland Journal in writing of Mr. Cleveland's
reception says that the Marine Band played
a melody of popular airs, including "Dixie,"
"Swanee River" and "Massa in de Cold
Cold Ground," and says that it is the first
time these airs have ever been played in the
White House. It is true that the new
Democratic Administration is crowding out
the old popular loyal airs and introducing
in their stead purely Southern music. This
is entirely a fiction. The popular Southern
airs above quoted have been played in the Ex-
ecutive Mansion and grounds ever since they
were built, and have been played for me to recall
an instance only a night or two before Mr.
Lincoln was assassinated. The President
had returned from Richmond and a crowd
called with a band to tender congratulations
and a serenade. The man who was so soon
to be the victim of the assassin's bullet ap-
peared in response to the call and thanked his
audience for the compliment. Several mem-
bers of his Cabinet surrounded him, and it
was a very interesting and dramatic occasion.
Just as he was closing his brief remarks, Mr.
Lincoln said: "I see you have a band with
you. I should like to hear it play 'Dixie.'"
He then consulted the Attorney General, who
is here by my side, and he is of the opinion
that Dixie belongs to us. Now play it!"
The band struck up the old tune and played
it as I have never before or since heard it
rendered. As the strains of the music rang
out upon the air cheer after cheer went up
from the throats of the hundreds of happy
men who had called to congratulate Mr.
Lincoln upon the return of peace.

Caught Him Napping.

Rufus Choate was a man of extensive in-
formation, as well as a learned lawyer. But
once, in the cross-examination of a sailor, he
forgot a little fact in geography, and the
witness silenced him.
"Tell me," said Choate to the man, after
badgering him for an hour, "in what lati-
tude and longitude you crossed the equa-
tor?"
"I can't say."
"Indeed," exclaimed Choate, thinking he
had the witness, "you the chief mate of a
clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple
a question?"
"Yes," he said, "the simplest question I ever
asked me, and the witness, with a smile of
triumph, said: 'Why, I thought every fool of a
lawyer knew that there was no latitude at
the equator.'"
"That will do, sir," said Choate, who felt
that the witness had caught him napping.

An old-fashioned pudding sauce that can
be made in an instant is simply milk sug-
ared and flavored with grated nutmeg. This
is really palatable with corn-starch blanc-
mange.

THE VICTIM AND DAUGHTER.

How a Paris Newspaper Tells a Dramatic
Story—The Crypt in the Madeleine.

(Translated from Le Gaulois.)

Every morning about 11 o'clock for the
past three years a woman closely veiled and
clad in severest black girdled like a half in-
visible figure through a little private door
hidden in the walls of the church at the
Madeleine, and which introduced the living
who visited the dead into the sombre crypts
of the holy basilica.
Furtive as it was, a meeting of honor
or love, this shadow, so familiar to the old
sexton who guards the keys of the sanctu-
ary where the coffins are waiting (as if at a
traveling station for the mysterious train to
eternity) passed through with a noiseless
and rapid step. This door is unknown to
the majority of the faithful and is acces-
sible only to the initiated. It is closed
to the indifference of strangers. It is
sacred to those who mourn their dead.
How many pious mourners, with
tearful eyes and prayerful lips, and hearts
filled with hope of meeting the dear de-
parted in brighter spheres, have passed
through that portal of sorrow! As you
enter, leaving behind you the busy,
crowded street, with its surging throngs and
jostling vehicles, the little passage leading
to the crypts of the dead turns to the left,
near the main altar. The number of these
subterranean guest-rooms; sometimes more,
sometimes less according to the number of
branches detached from the parish tree,
and whose last resting place is not as yet pre-
pared. All the dead do not pass on at the
same pace, though the old belief says they
do. The vaults prepared for some of those
dear departed require as much time in
building as a palace hotel. Some are
waiting to be translated to the last spot
of their childhood, or to friends now living
far away. And again, the love of a father or
mother, husband or wife, brother or sister,
often seek to retain the coffin as long as pos-
sible, as if in committing it to the bosom of
the earth the dead are a second time torn
from their tenderness and love.

This elegant woman, veiled and clad in
black, that glides through the door of the
Madeleine every morning, is a mother.
A mother who lost her only daughter ere
she had attained her twentieth year, and who
was hardly ever out of the mother's sight
till death took her rudely away.
How old was that mother who seemed
now only to live for the dead? Those who
saw her could not guess. Her mien was
simple, but involuntarily retiring. Her step
was light, and her carriage easy and grace-
ful, even amid the gravity of her daily pil-
grimage. She descended with familiar step
the dark and narrow stairway that led to the
corridor opening into the chamber of the
dead, half lit up with a few straggling rays
of light. There she stopped at least an hour
—sometimes three hours—and very often
three!

Her prayer was awaiting her. She knelt
on it, and prayed and wept and went and
prayed before a little chapel, the only lumin-
ous point amid the dark surroundings.
From time to time she would interrupt her
devotions to arrange or rearrange the flow-
ers on the little altar, or renew the bouquets
and faded crowns and the vases adorned
with the dried flowers.

On a white bed, resting on four square col-
umns, in the style of the beds of the six-
teenth century, covered with white draper-
ies, embroidered with silver, reposed a coffin,
which was also draped in white. At the
four corners of the bed were four large silver
candelabra, and white flowers in bronze
vases were placed everywhere on the bed—at its
foot and around it. There reposed the re-
mains of that lovely virgin, torn from a
mother's tenderness, and there that mother
came to visit her child, and in this asylum
of the dead to bathe her soul in the joys of
the life to come, with her child the happi-
ness of former days.

One day this week this lady clad in black
failed to pay her morning visit to the dead,
and the old sexton muttered as he stumbled
by: "What must have happened to her?"
This is the first morning in three years that
she has not spent the morning with her
dead child. She has been so busy, so busy
indeed! And he muttered his uneasiness
and forebodings to the servants of the church.

Soon the rumor spread that a ghastly mur-
der had been committed! All the vicinity
is stirred and soon all Paris is moved. A
woman has been found dead, her throat cut,
dead in her bed in the Rue de St. Etienne.

The name of the victim is on every lip. It
is that of the mourning mother, who that
day for the first time failed to come to pay
beside her daughter's coffin. It is Mme.
Canolet.

Lincoln's Ghostly Visions.

"Corp." in the Cleveland Leader, thus
quotes Abraham Lincoln: "It was after my
election, when the news was coming in thick
and fast all day, and there had been a great
'hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out,
and went home to rest, throwing myself up
on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to
where I lay was a bureau with a looking-
glass upon it; and looking in that glass I
saw myself reflected at nearly full length.
But my face, I noticed, had two separate
and distinct images, the tip of the nose of
one being about three inches from the tip of
the nose of the other. I was a little bothered,
perhaps startled, and I looked in the
glass, but the illusion had vanished.
On laying down again I saw it a
second time, plainer, if possible, than
before, and then I noticed
that one of the faces was a little paler, say
five shades, than the other. I got up and
looked in the glass, and I went off in
the excitement of the hour I forgot all about
it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing
would come up every once in a while and
give me a little pang, as though something
uncomfortable had happened. When I
went home, I told my wife about it, and a
few days after I tried the experiment again,
when, sure enough, the thing came back
again, it anything more ghostly than before.
After this, however, I was never able to
bring the thing back again, though I tried
over very industriously to show it to my
wife, who was somewhat worried over it.
She thought it was a sign that I was to be
elected to a second term of office, and in-
terpreted the riddles of the lower face as
an omen that I would not see life through
my second term."

High Living in the United States.

[Philadelphia Call.]

We venture that in no country in the
world do the people average as high in the
cost of living. It proves that our average
population lives well. And this is an im-
portant fact. Good living promotes health,
and is a sign of intelligence. Were our peo-
ple so poverty-stricken as to be compelled to
live poorly, the effect on the nation would
be bad. When we advance a step toward
the element of civilization or refinement de-
pends on our living. It is also a test of our
earning. This Nation has been steadily liq-
uidating its debt since 1865. Yet it has lived,
including luxuries, not less than \$10,000,
\$20,000 a year, and has put down in business
and trading places at least as much more.
Twenty thousand millions a year is a very
large sum. It means an earning capacity of

\$400 a year for every man, woman and child
in the country. Suppose that but 10,000,000
of these are producers, it rates each active
worker as producing \$2,000 a year of actual
wealth.

SINGULAR LITIGATION.

A Golden Cup With a Most Remarkable
History.

[Paris Letter in New Orleans Picayune.]

I am going to tell you about a lawsuit
over a worth \$40,000, although it is no
bigger than any good sized cream pitcher.
In the year 1604 Don Juan Fernandez de
Frias de Valdez, Duke de Castille, was Span-
ish Ambassador to England. While in that
country he negotiated a treaty of peace be-
tween James I. and his own sovereign, and
recognition of which the former monarch
made him a present of a chalice. The master-
gold, the hand-work of some artist of the
thirteenth or fourteenth century. Not only
was the material valuable and the workman-
ship wonderful, but it was set with precious
stones and encrusted with two remark-
ably clear enamels representing the martyr-
dom of St. Agnes. Around the foot was a
Latin inscription reciting the reasons of the
royal gift. The Ambassador was a pious
man, and when he got back to Spain he had
the "saint-chalice" solemnly consecrated by
the Archbishop of Toledo; then he gave it to
the chapel of Santa Clara, in the Convent of
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